NUGGETS OF NEWS

AUGUST 1997

VOLUNTEER OF THE MONTH

Congratulations to our volunteer's of the month.
May- Kerrie Gomes
June- Janet Sessions
July- Marge Martin
Good going gals, keep-up the good work.
Come place your vote for volunteer of the month at our next meeting Wed. August 20th at 6:30p.m.
Remember we changed our meeting time to 6:30 so we have time for guest speakers or entertainment. So come join the fun and see what is new at our museum.

DON'T FORGET THAT WE CHANGED THE SUMMER PICNIC TO AN OCTOBER HARVEST FESTIVAL BECAUSE OF THE HEAT.

Oct. 26 starting at 12:00p.m.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU

To all these hard working volunteer's
Carl Saddler - Matt Saddler - Eric Gomes - Dave Wharton - Ted Wharton - Rex Parker.
Stampmill progress.
Jim Barrett - Ted Wharton - Dave Wharton.
Restoring the front fence.
Rex Parker - Ted Wharton - Dave Wharton - Carl Saddler - Matt Saddler.
Our new sign.
Armella Wharton.
Keeping our lawn mowed and beautiful.
Mark Campbell
Great articles for our newsletter.
To everyone who has donated items for display in the basement.

NEW DISPLAYS

With having a curator our displays are always changing. Right now we have a magnificent Trap's display in the basement. THANK YOU BERT WRIGHT, for loaning us some of your great traps. We also have a boyscout display on the main floor.
Remember these are limited time display so come see them while you can. Things are always changing, so come see all the changes.

The Way Things Were - During World War II

Looking back more than fifty years later, it's surprising how things have changed. Life was different then. Concepts were simple. The enemies were Hitler and Tojo. Hard work, rationing, and enough ships would beat the enemy. It was as simple as that. Life in general was a lot less complex. People went to work and then went home. Families gathered around the radio together to hear the news or conversed with their neighbors on their porches or over the back fence. There was no television. Radar was in its infancy, credit cards didn't exist, the atom had not been split, there were no laser beams nor ball point pens. People hadn't yet dreamed of pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes or man walking on the moon. Penicillin, polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic, contact lenses and the PILL were yet to come.

People got married first, then lived together. Closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of". Bunnies were small rabbits and rabbits were not volkswagons. Designer jeans were scheming girls named Jean, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with your cousin.

Fast food was what you ate during Lent, and Outer Space was the back of the local movie theater. There was no such thing as a house husband, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers and commuter marriages. The day-care center, group therapy and nursing homes had yet to be invented. No one ever heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt and guys wearing earrings. Time sharing meant togetherness ...not computers or condominiums (What was a condominium, anyway?). A chip meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant hardware and software wasn't even a word. A radio used vacuum tubes; transistors were in the future.

"Made in Japan," meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on your exam. Pizzas, McDonalds and instant coffee were unheard of. There were 5 and 10 cent stores where you bought things that cost five and ten cents. Ice cream was a nickel for a single scoop, a dime for a double. For a nickel you could ride a trolley, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a Chevy Coupe for $600 if you could afford it. Gas was 11 cents a gallon. A propeller made an airplane go, and a jet was water from a fire hose.

Grass was mowed, Coke was a cold drink and POT was something you cooked in. Rock Music was Grandma's lullaby and AIDS were helpers in the principal's office. Although not before the difference in sexes was discovered, it was before sex change. People made do with what they had and were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby.

Excerpted from "The Last Victory - The Life and Times of a United States Victory Ship 1945 - 1992" by Walter W. Jaffee, published by the U.S. Merchant Marine Veterans WWII, P.O. Box 629, San Pedro, CA 90731 (Edited by MEC)

M. E. Campbell May, 1997

Chronology of World War II - Europe

Year	Month	Event
1935	March	Military conscription of German youth
	June	Naval restrictions on Germany from World War I scrapped
1936	March	Remilitarization of the Rhineland by Germany
1938	March	Germany seizes Austria
	September	Munich - Sudetenland (part of Czechoslovakia) ceded to Germany
1939	March	Germany annexes all of Czechoslovakia
	August	German non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union
	September	Germany invades Poland - divided with the Soviet Union
		Declaration of War - Allies against Germany
1940	April	Germany invades Norway
	May	Germany invades the Netherlands and France - Dunkerque
	June	Italy enters the war on the side of Germany
		France surrenders
	July	Battle of Britain begins
1941	March	U.S. Lend-Lease program established to aid Britain
	April	Erwin Rommel begins operations in North Africa
	June	Germany invades the Soviet Union
	October	Rommel driven back at El Alamein
	December	Japan attacks the U.S. at Pearl Harbor
		United States declares war on Japan and Germany and their allies.
1942		Battle of the Atlantic - submarines take a toll of U.S. merchant ships
		Radar, destroyer escorts, and escort carriers turn the tide by early 1943.
1943	May	Germany and Italy surrender in Africa
1944	June	D-Day, U.S and Allies invade France at Normandy
	December	Battle of the Bulge
1945	May	Germany surrenders

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Chronology of World War II - Pacific

Year	Month	Event
1931		Japan seizes major parts of Manchuria
1937		Japan begins military operations against China
1941	December	Japan attacks the U.S. at Pearl Harbor - Wake Island and Guam taken
		Hong Kong surrenders
1942	January	Manila falls
	February	Singapore surrenders
	April	Doolittle raid on Tokyo from the aircraft carrier Hornet
		At this point Japan is in control of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Dutch East Indies, New Britain, and the Solomon Islands
	May	Battle of the Coral Sea
	August	U.S. landing on Guadalcanal
1943	February	Guadalcanal cleared
	Sep - Oct	U.S. clears Japanese forces out Salamaua and Lae, in New Guinea
	November	Tarawa taken
1944	Jan - June	Major U.S. raids on island groups of the Central Pacific
	February	U.S. takes the Admiralty Islands
	Mar - May	U.S. captures Aitape, Wewak, and Hollandia in New Guinea
	July	U.S. captures Guam, Saipan, and Tinian islands in the Marianas Group
	September	U.S. takes Peleliu Island
	October	U.S. forces land on Leyte in the Philippines
1945	January	U.S. forces land on Luzon, north of Manila
	February	Manila largely cleared of Japanese troops
		Fighting on Luzon continues to the end of the war (in early September)
	March	U.S. marines take Iwo Jima
	August	The first atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima
	September	Formal surrender of Japan

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SHORT MEMBER PROFILE

Mark E. Campbell, Son of an Electrical Engineer was born in Seattle Nov 17, 1919. His father had previously purchased land on Sardine Creek in 1916 but didn't occupy the land until 1932. Mark attended Gold Hill High School starting fall of 1933. Early on Mark had his own ham radio station, W7GIL. Leaving college in 1939 he accepted appointment as a merchant marine cadet. This led to service on board ships during WWII. His service culminated by accepting a position as Instructor at The Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy. Then going back to school on the G.I. bill he graduated from M.I.T. with a master of science degree in 1949. He specialized in control systems both on submarines and aircraft. From 1972 until retirement in 1990, he developed and designed the navigation systems for the space shuttle. In this field he has 6 U.S. Patents to his credit. He presently lives in Whittier, Cal. Where he and his late wife Nell, buia home in the 1950's and raised 3 daughters who still live near-by in the L.A. area. More details about this career was published in the Nuggets of News, in June 1992.

JAMES WILLIS (BILL) HAY

When James Willis (Bill) Hay died in 1926, at the age of eighty-four, Ben Hur Lampman, poet laureate of Oregon, wrote his obituary. He titled the eulogy. "Bill Hay Takes a Big Share of Oregon Past to Grave." In prose that reads like poetry Mr. Lampman paralleled the life of Bill Hay and Oregon Territory---for the man and the land had been young and wild together, and each had an effect on the other.

Bill Hay came to Oregon as an emigrant. He was acquainted with and later fought the ferocious Rogue Indians when he was fourteen years of age. He worked on the first wagon road over the almost impassable mountains from Crescent City, California to the inland valleys of Southern Oregon. Later he was a blacksmith for the stagecoach lines, and rode with the stages from stop to stop to shoe the horses. He farmed and mined intermittently and in his last years he fished the Rogue River with a pole he had made from old stage whip's.

Bill Hay showed a different personality to almost everyone. He was called taciturn by some, loquacious by others. One man has said that he was so crooked his "feet wouldn't track." Others have said Bill was so honest that he was careful to the point of boredom in trying to recall an incident exactly as it happened. At any rate, when Bill sat with his cronies in the saloon retelling the old stories and after he was too old to match friends drink for drink, he pretended drink letting his whiskey run into his beard and wringing it out into the spittoon.

Ben Hur Lampman knew Bill well and described him in those last years as "a silent man, for the most part, whose silences had the dual quality of friendship and raillery and who made speech

with a piercing glance of his singularly keen eyes. By way of comment, such a glance from Old Bill Hay was customarily final and left nothing to be said, whether the matter concerned local politics or and extraordinary rough contest with a bit trout, or the windy reminiscence of some fellow ancient."

Bill Hay became a Part of Oregon Territory in 1854, when he was twelve years old and almost five years before Oregon became a state. "He saw those interminable, duty, splendid miles with the eyes of boyhood," Lampman said. What he didn't say was that Bill -then known as Willie- walked almost the whole of those "dusty splendid miles" all the way from Kentucky, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, in five months. And a good part of that way he walked behind 5,000 sheep. The owner of the sheep also had 400 head of cattle which he was driving to California.

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The Little Hummingbird

I was weeding flowers
When I heard a little sound
Of something which was in distress,
And when I looked around,
I saw a tiny hummingbird,
Securely caught within
A spider's web, and quickly
Reached up to rescue him.
What a gigantic spider
Slid down to claim his prey
And just in time I snatched
The frightened hummingbird away.
It did not struggle in my hand,
Which held it carefully
And I could tell within its eyes,
The small one trusted me.
So I removed the spider's
Sticky web from little wings,
And marveled at the beauty
God bestows on tiny things.
And then it cocked its little head
And gave me one last stare,
Circled once above my head,
. . . And flew into the air.

Grace E. Easley

Father's Hobby

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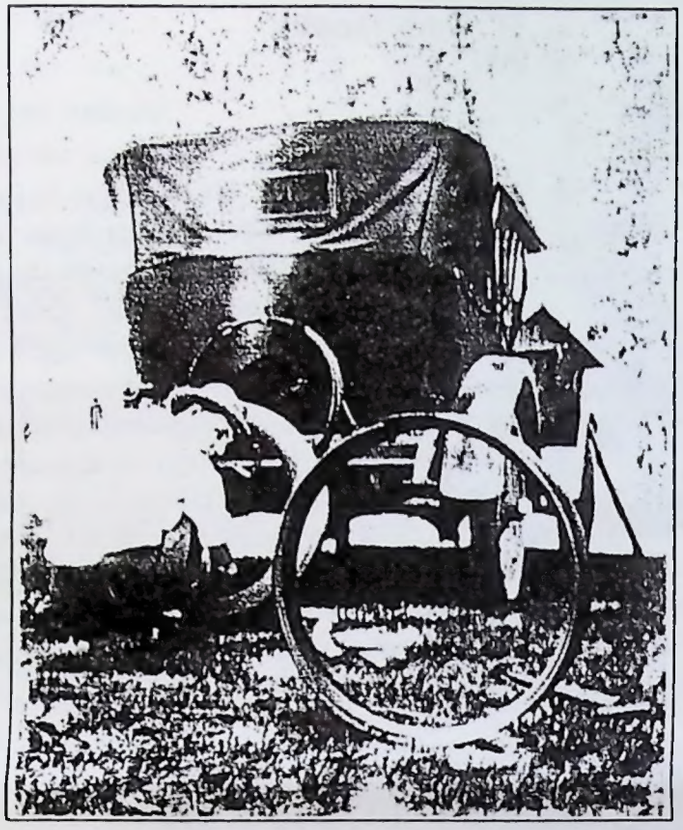
Father bought his first automobile on a fine June day of 1924. He had a job in Portland, Oregon, and we were staying in a small rented apartment at 320 11th Street. I was about four and a half years old. On that red letter day Father appeared at the door in the early afternoon and proudly announced that Mother and I should drop everything and go for a ride in our new car! There at the curb was a black 1922 Maxwell touring car with the top down, and never had any carriage looked grander to us. Father drove us around the streets, joining in the flow of traffic, and we surveyed the world in a new style. Father had learned to drive that afternoon by getting rudimentary instructions from the car dealer, and then driving the car home. It was two years old, with four cylinders, stick shift on the floor, disk wheels with split rims, four doors, and isinglass windows in the side curtains, which were installed on removable rods stuck in the doors. There were two control levers at the center of the steering wheel - a spark advance and a throttle setting. The engine had to be started with a hand crank, and a dip stick was used to check the amount of fuel in the tank. For ten years that old Maxwell was our single prized possession, our transportation, sometimes almost a home, but beyond everything else, it was Father's hobby.

The maintenance routine for the Maxwell was the first thing to be mastered. The car came with a small manual, and Father studied it diligently. But the necessity of fixing a flat tire taught the first lessons the hard way. Father learned to use the jack and tire wrench to remove the nickel-plated circular clamp that secured the rim and tire to the wheel, and to pry loose the rim and tire assembly. Then the metal tab that held the ends of the split rim together had to be tapped around ninety degrees so that the ends could be slipped by one another, reducing the diameter of the rim so that the tire could be pried off. After that was the flexible fabric liner interface between the tire and the rubber inner tube, and finally the tube to be removed. Where was the leak? Pump up the tube and immerse it in a container of water, and look for bubbles; or pour water slowly over the top of the tube while rotating it slowly. In those days tire patch kits were to be found in the tool kit on every running board. Scrape the area on the tube around the puncture, peel off the backing from a patch of

the right size, apply it with just the right amount of pressure and time; then reassemble the tire and wheel and hope that the tube would last another hundred miles.



The first serious modification that Father attempted was the removal of the exhaust pipe cutout. In those days many cars needed a little extra horsepower to climb steep hills, and the muffler could be bypassed so that the exhaust from the engine would flow directly from the engine into the atmosphere. The previous owner had modified the cutout on the Maxwell, so that when the cutout lever was pulled, the exhaust would be diverted through a whistle. When the Maxwell was struggling up a hill and that little lever was pulled, the terrific, deafening, burbling whistle would arouse the countryside for miles around. I thought it was tremendously exciting! Mother had a different opinion, and Father was successful in disposing of the noisy accessory.

Getting the car started on a cold morning was an art. Father learned the best procedure by trial and error, and became skilled at this art; but once in a while he would overlook something. Like the morning in Astoria, when I watched from the upstairs window. The Maxwell was parked on the front lawn. Father set the spark and throttle, then stepped one foot inside the front bumper and inserted the crank. He assumed the right posture, tensed his muscles, and gave the crank a whirl. The engine started; but he had forgotten that the car was in gear, and as I looked on in horror, it started forward toward a tree. He went into a frantic dance, trying to disengage his foot from the bumper and get out of the way. Just in the nick of time he hopped out, ran around to the driver's side, and turned off the engine.

Oil changes became routine, and Father gradually extended his expertise to removing the oil pan and occasionally the head for inspections. Spark plugs were replaced periodically, and the distributor points needed attention every so often. As the miles accumulated the connecting rod bearings wore and loosened, and the engine began to knock. Then followed extended sessions of changing the shims by trial and error; putting in a new shim, replacing the oil pan, pouring back the oil, and running the engine to see if the knocking was reduced. The routine might have to be repeated several times before an acceptable result was achieved, so we saw a lot of Father's feet sticking out from under the car. He fell into the practice of expressing his annoyance at skinned knuckles, as well as his frustration with his job and his boss, with a stream of curses. This became a weekend habit; I learned some new words, and Mother was scandalized. Along the way I learned to hold a flashlight steady on the target as he sometimes worked into the darkness to get the old Maxwell ready for a trip the next day.

Father's confidence grew to the point that he once installed an oversize piston in a cylinder that had become damaged by a broken piston ring. Working by himself, he spent weeks with a half-round file, dressing down the cylinder wall by hand, until he could make the piston fit snugly. He was delighted when he reassembled the engine and it performed as it should.

Of course the car needed a new paint job after a few years, and Father did it himself with patience and Yankee ingenuity, if not dispatch. He wrote home in July, 1929: "I have been painting the automobile this spring and summer, a little at a time, haven't done much on it for two years. Painted the last wheel this evening".

Father was proud of his ability to keep the car running, and bragged that "it always got us home". But it was not always so; I remember the occasion Father referred to in a 1930 letter to his mother.

> "Thanksgiving we spent three days with Gertrude's people at Amboy, and broke down 170 miles from home; total cost about $30.00. Burned out connecting rod and broken piston; Charlie will know what that means. I am debating whether to get a new second-hand machine or fix up the old one." Of course he fixed the old one.

The roads were rough in the early 20's, and we learned that the 1922 Maxwell was cursed with an under-designed rear axle. It broke a couple of times; once out in the wilds on a corduroy logging road, and we had to wait for help from a nearby settlement. They cut down a small tree, and rigged it under the rear of the car so that it could be dragged to our destination, which was fortunately only a few miles more.

We traversed many primitive roads in those days, often moving to a new home, with all of our belongings piled in and on the Maxwell. Maps and highway signs were often unreliable, and it was easy to get lost. Lodgings were few and far between. We often stopped by the road at nightfall, got out our sleeping bags and cooking utensils, and made camp. If a rain storm came up, we would hastily retreat to the car and probably spend the rest of the night there.

When the old Maxwell was in good tune it could do about 45 miles per hour on the level, or even 50 miles per hour for short bursts when Father was feeling frisky. It was a breezy ride; even with the isinglass curtains in place, plenty of air circulated inside. When it rained Father would slow down until he could operate the hand windshield wiper and steer safely at the same time. Rain and wind

together would bow the curtains in and rivulets of rain would fall into the car. The tiring journeys were always made a little more enjoyable by the Burma Shave signs, and many barns along the way were painted to proclaim Mail Pouch Tobacco, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Lydia Pinkham's Pink Pills for Pale People, and the like.

Gasoline for the thirsty Maxwell usually came from tall gas pumps with the gasoline held in transparent cylinders at the top. Father would always choose the clear kind, without color, on the theory that the coloring could only cause undesirable deposits in the engine. The attendant would operate a hand pump to bring the gas up out of the underground tank and into the cylindrical container until it was full. Then he would let the gas flow through the hose into the tank on the car until the gauge on the cylinder showed that the desired amount had been received. One had to be careful not to let the tank on the car overflow. Out of some sense of Yankee frugality Father never, ever filled the tank. He would always calculate in his head how much gas the Maxwell would need to get to the next destination, plus a little for contingency, and that was all he would take. The phrase, "Fill 'er up!" never passed his lips.

The Maxwell was called upon for many chores. On the ranch in southern Oregon during the Depression we raised chickens so that we could sell the eggs for a little cash, and used the car to take the eggs to market in Medford, about fifteen miles away. We would have a barrel strapped on the front of the Maxwell, resting on the bumper, and after selling the eggs we would drive around into the alley behind a dairy and fill the barrel with discarded whey. The trip home with the heavy weight on the front of the car was a bit precarious, and sometimes we would stop halfway up the hill to let the engine cool. Father would save gasoline by coasting down the other side of the hill, but if he took the engine out of gear he would have a real tussle re-engaging at the bottom; synchromesh may have been invented by then, but it was not included in the Maxwell.

We attempted to raise crops on the fields next to the house. First the brush had to be cleared, and the Maxwell was pressed into service as a tractor. We wrapped a chain around a clump of brush and hooked it to the rear bumper; put the Maxwell in low gear and out it came. After a few days we had cleared the field and I had learned to drive.

Father visited the wrecking yards in the Medford area routinely, looking for this or that part to upgrade the engine or the suspension; and so it happened one day that he found the ultimate in replacement parts -- another Maxwell touring car ! It was a 1923 model, and he knew that the design of the main bearings had been improved over our old 1922 model. The price was right; he bought it on the spot for $20 from a Mr. V. E. Zumwalt of Jacksonville. (I have the receipt dated September 18, 1934.) It was in running order, but had a loud knock caused by a loose conrod bearing. He nursed it along to the Croft place, where he was to pick up my mother and me, and shut off the engine. When we got back in the car we followed the usual routine; Mother sat in the driver's seat to operate the spark and throttle levers on the steering column, while Father worked the crank. He gave it a whirl, the engine caught, Mother advanced the spark -- but she was too late backing off the throttle; the engine spun faster and faster until there was a great crash and the loose conrod broke free and smashed through the block. It was ruined. We towed it home and abandoned it in a grove of pine trees near the Corson shack. I wish I had it today. The next year we disposed of the old 1922 Maxwell and bought Ed Fiene's 1926 Oakland, which had roll-up windows. But it was never a member of the family like the old Maxwell!

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